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MILLIE, TILLIE, and TAG



Ernst Kutzer



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PRESENTED BY

W. C. C. C.

ERNST KUTZER

In 1899 when a young man of nineteen, Ernst Kutzer determined to become an artist. With this end in view he began to study in Vienna. Afterward he studied in the Munich Art School, Strehblow, where he later became an assistant. He attended the advance class of Professor Pochwalski at the Academy of Plastic Art.

In 1914 he was obliged to join the German Army and became an officer. His duties however were chiefly as an artist in the War Department. After the War he was very much occupied in continuing and developing the work he had been doing previous to 1914.

At present Mr. Kutzer lives in a suburb of Vienna working many long hours each day for a number of prominent German publishers. He has illustrated a distinguished list of juvenile books and is very popular with the little German children.

Mr. Kutzer rejoices in his work as he is a great friend of children; and it gives him a deep and lasting pleasure to bring them sunny hours and genuine joy through the medium of pictures.

Adapted from

“CONTEMPORARY ILLUSTRATORS OF CHILDREN’S BOOKS”

Dedicated to
WILLIAM T. SUHY
who first met
Tallie, Tillie, and Tag
in Germany

TALLIE, TILLIE, and TAG



One Little Girl, One Little Doll, and One Little Dog

Ernst Kutzer

Albert Whitman & Company

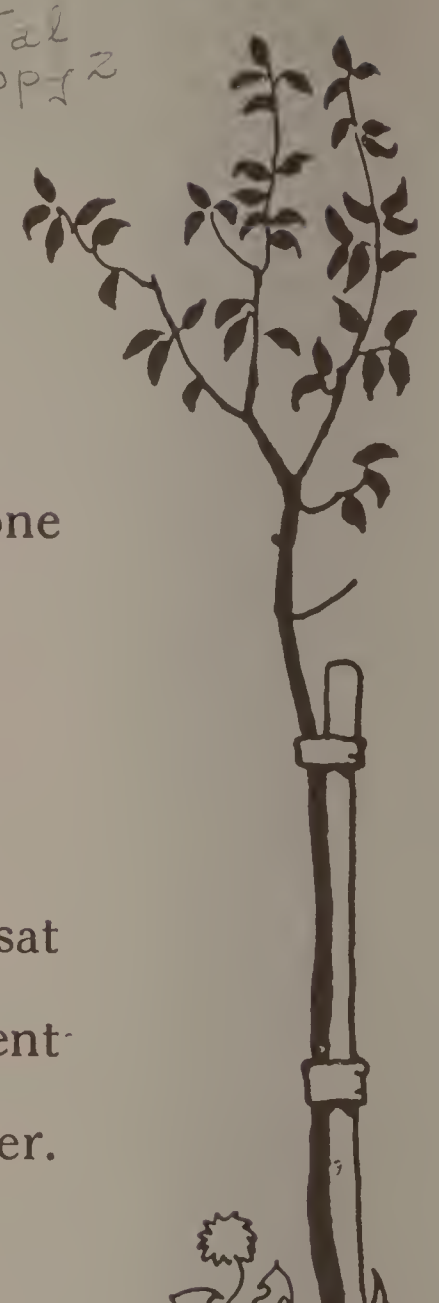
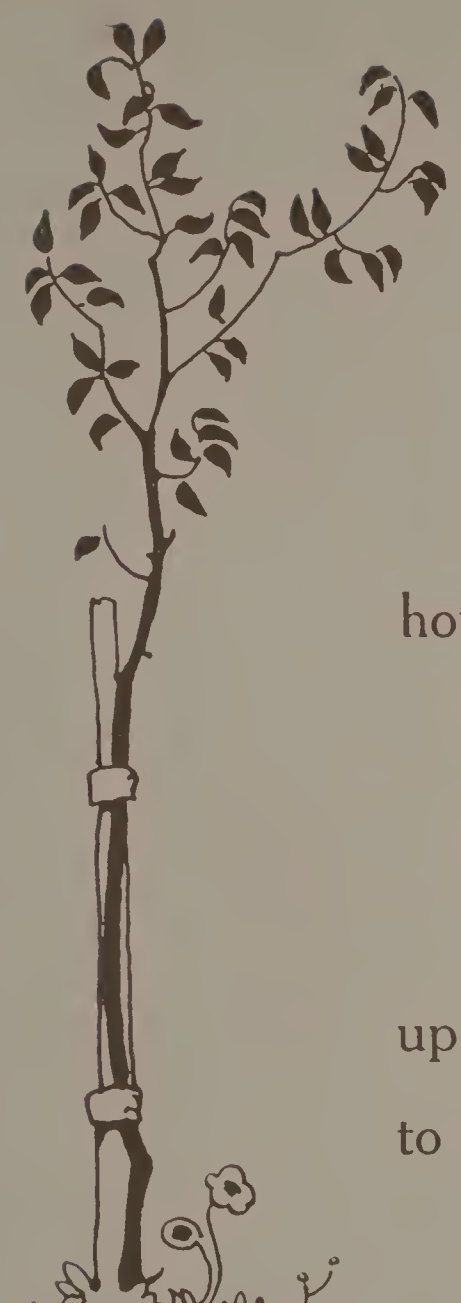
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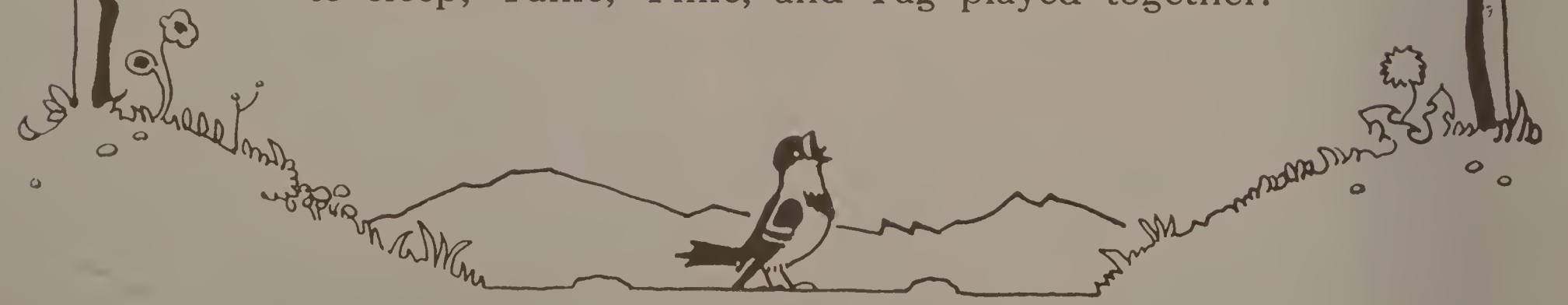


Tallie was a little girl who lived in a little stone house in Germany.

She had a doll whose name was Tillie.

She had a brown dog whose name was Tag.

From early in the morning when Tallie first sat up in bed, until long after sundown when they went to sleep, Tallie, Tillie, and Tag played together.



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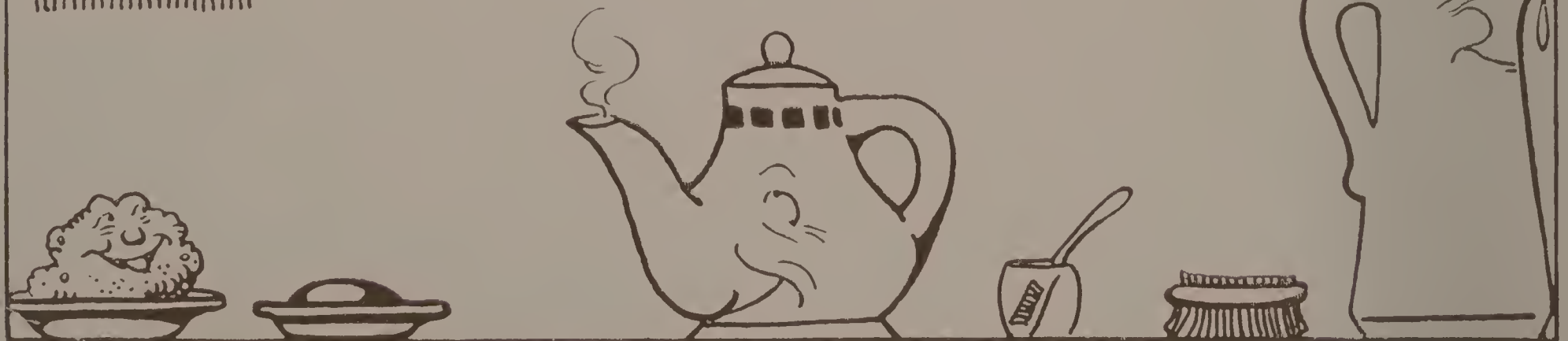


Each morning Tallie washed her hands and her face. Then she put on her red dress.

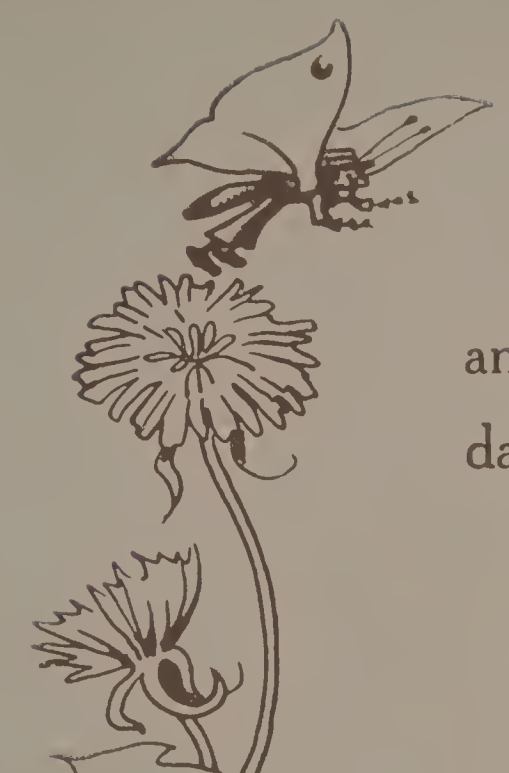
Tallie washed Tillie's face, combed her hair, and put on her green dress.

Tag washed his own paws, and smoothed down his own brown silk coat.

Then Tallie, Tillie, and Tag all sat down to breakfast.



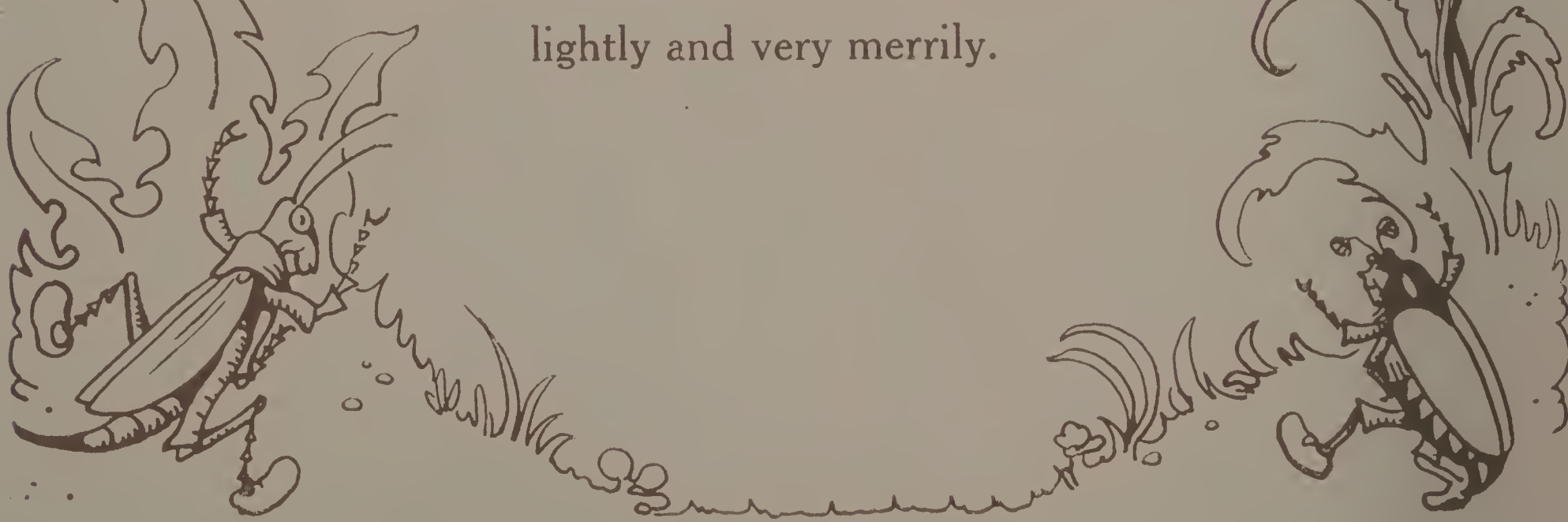






One morning after breakfast Tallie, Tillie,
and Tag ran out in the meadow to play. They
danced together as Tallie softly hummed:

Heel, toe, and a one-two-three,
Heel, toe, and a one-two-three.

Tag danced too—sometimes on four feet
and sometimes on two feet—but always very
lightly and very merrily.









This morning Tallie danced with Tillie
near the brook that ran through the meadow.

Tallie took an extra long dancing step.
Some way Tillie's hand slipped out of
Tallie's hand.

Tillie fell on her back in the brook with
such a splash that the little green frogs
croaked with fright.

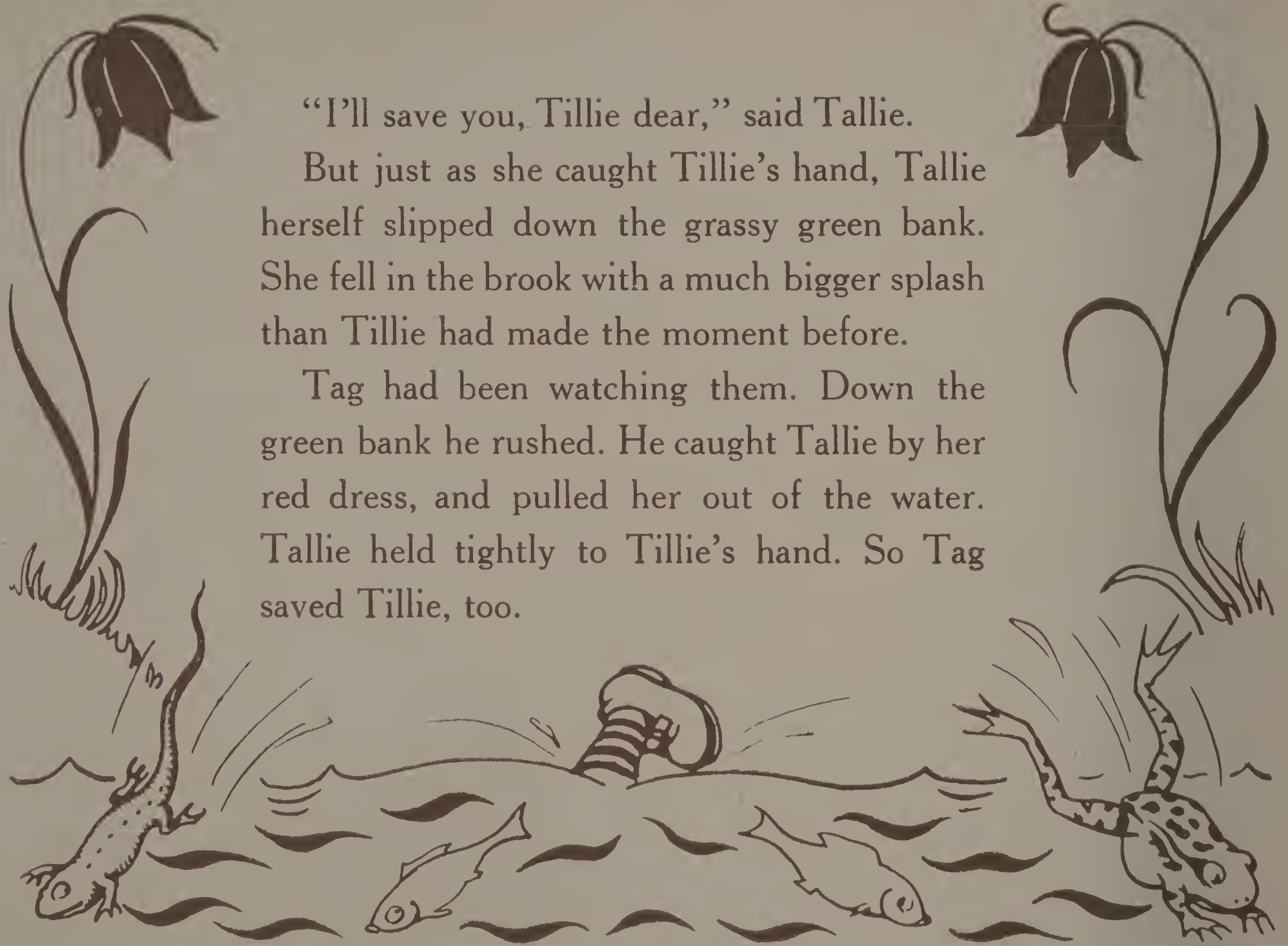




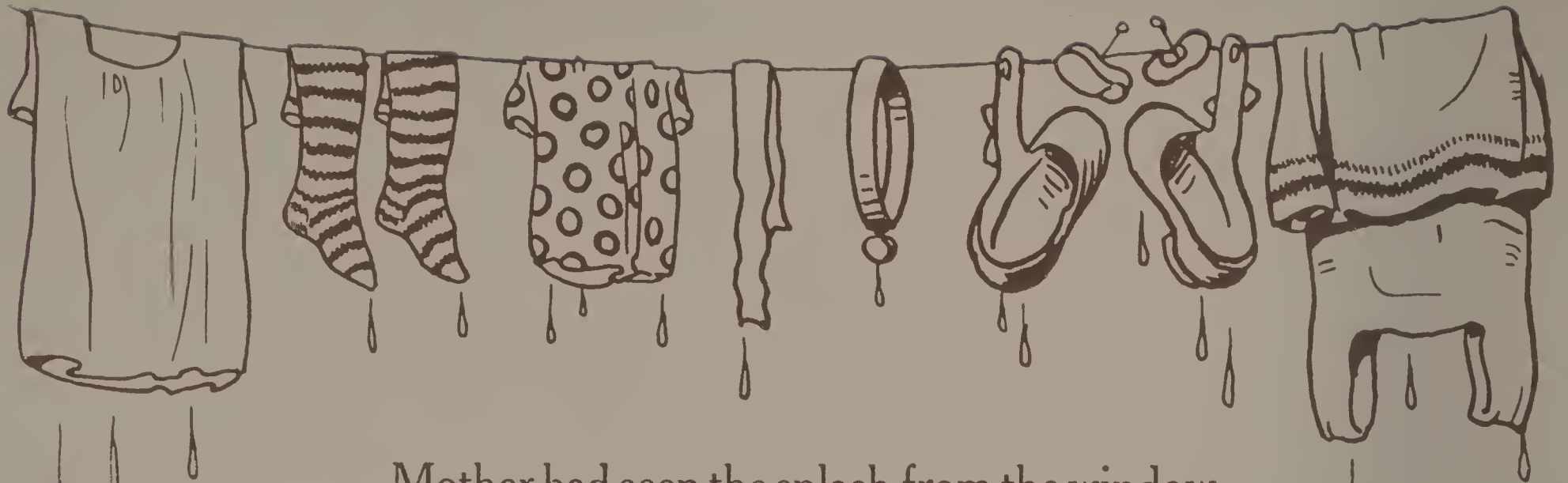
“I’ll save you, Tillie dear,” said Tallie.

But just as she caught Tillie’s hand, Tallie herself slipped down the grassy green bank. She fell in the brook with a much bigger splash than Tillie had made the moment before.

Tag had been watching them. Down the green bank he rushed. He caught Tallie by her red dress, and pulled her out of the water. Tallie held tightly to Tillie’s hand. So Tag saved Tillie, too.

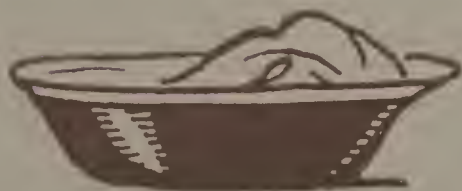






Mother had seen the splash from the window. She gave Tallie a hot bath and wrapped her in a warm blanket. She gave Tag a hot bath and wrapped him in a warm blanket. She wrapped Tillie in a warm blanket, too.

Then she hung Tallie's clothes, Tillie's dress, and Tag's collar on the line to dry.







“Tallie, I wish you would gather some fresh eggs for me,” said mother two hours later. “I need them for my baking.”

Away ran Tallie and Tag to the chicken house. Tillie was still wrapped in her warm blanket for her sawdust was slow to dry.

“I’ll just climb up the way the chickens do,” thought Tallie to herself. “It will be ever so much quicker than going around to the door.”







Tag watched Tallie climb.

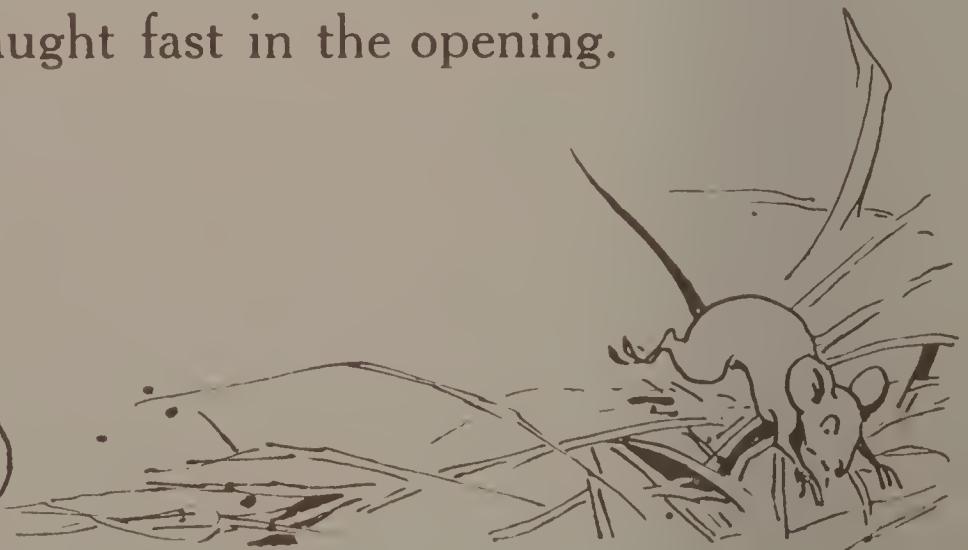
Down flew all the hens in fright.

“Oh, I’ve found an egg,” cried Tallie in glee.

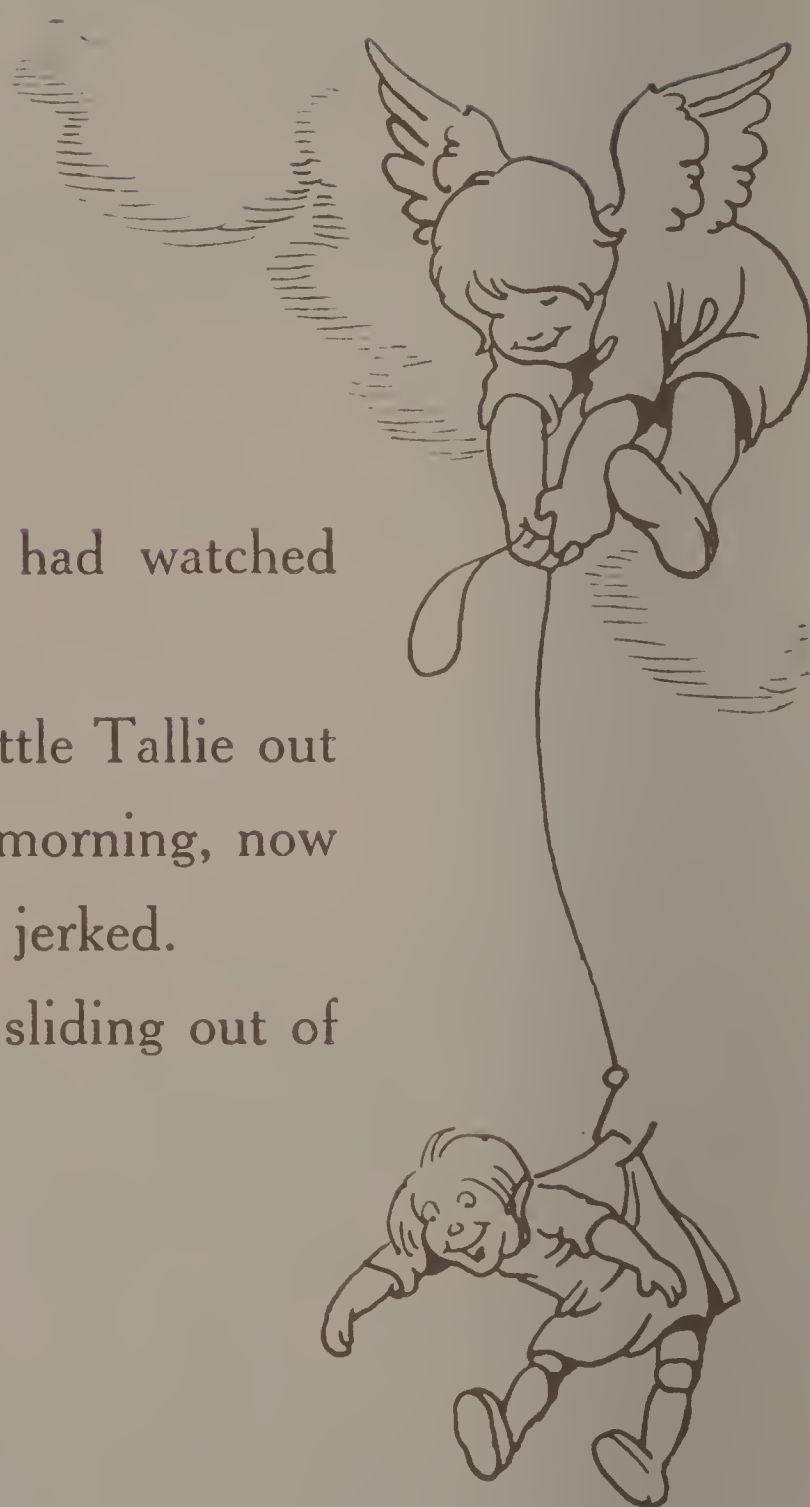
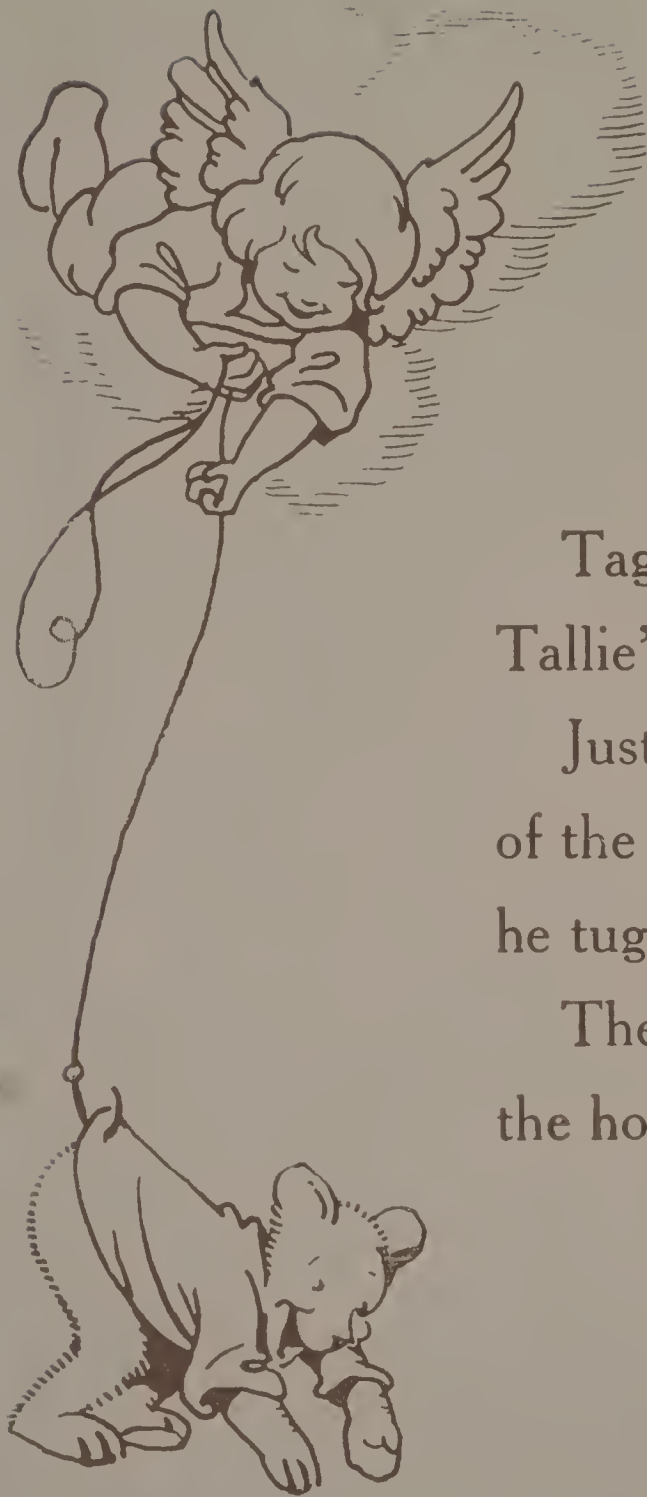
“Here’s another,” she said as she reached in farther.

When she turned to slide down she found she could move neither forward nor backward!

Poor Tallie was caught fast in the opening.







Tag's big brown eyes had watched Tallie's every move.

Just as he had pulled little Tallie out of the brook earlier in the morning, now he tugged, and pulled, and jerked.

Then Tallie felt herself sliding out of the hole backward.

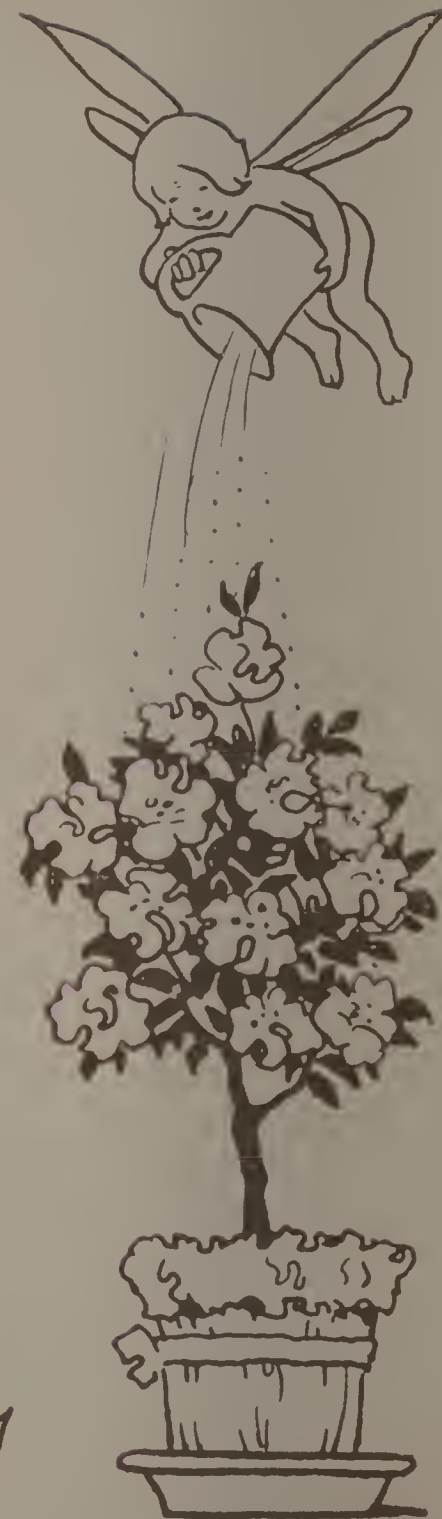




Tallie gave her mother the eggs she had found.

Tillie's sawdust was dry by this time, so Tallie dressed her. Then Tallie, Tillie, and Tag sat down in the parlor.

"My," thought Tallie to herself, "the flowers in mother's best rug look thirsty. I know what I'll do, I'll get my little green watering pot and water them. The flowers in the meadow looked so bright and pretty this morning."







“With this pretty garden of flowers right here in the rug,” thought Tallie, “we ought to have a party. I know! We’ll have a wedding. Tillie can be the bride, and Tag can be the groom.”

So Tallie dressed Tillie in her prettiest pink party dress. She took her mother’s best handkerchief for the veil. She borrowed her father’s tall silk hat for Tag. Then she tied her own best blue and white ribbon around his neck and she slipped her very own gold bracelet over his paw for the ring.



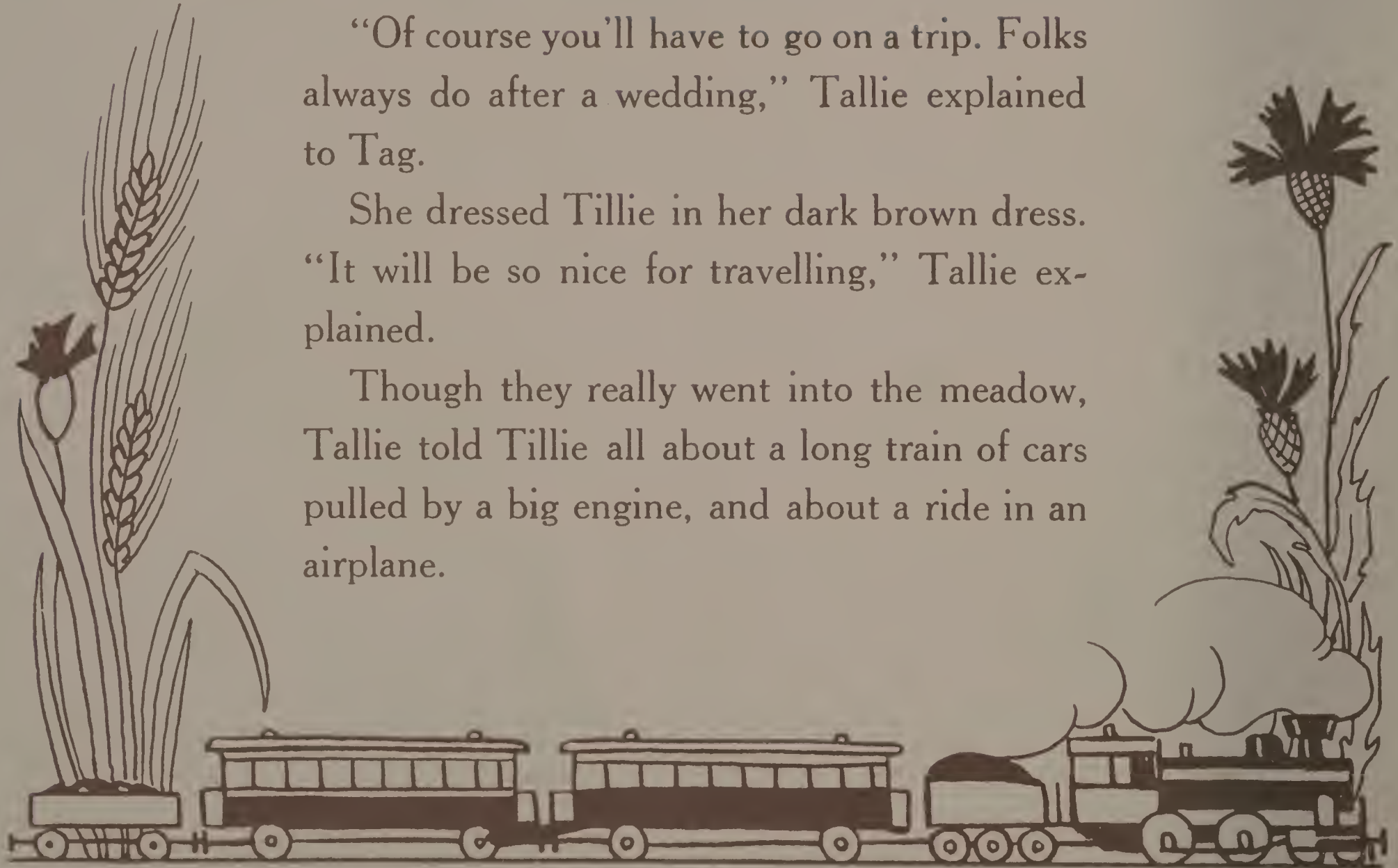




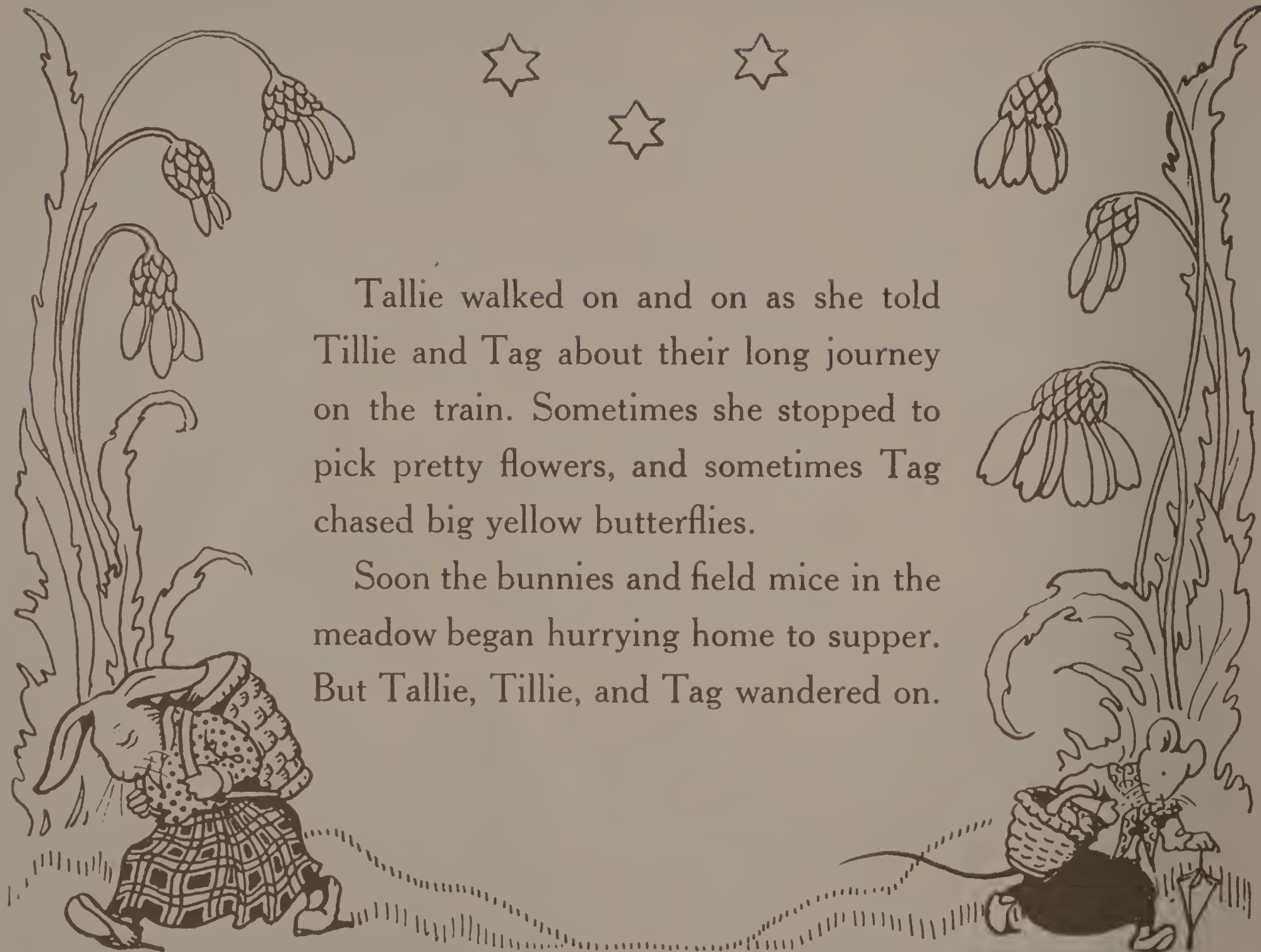
“Of course you’ll have to go on a trip. Folks always do after a wedding,” Tallie explained to Tag.

She dressed Tillie in her dark brown dress. “It will be so nice for travelling,” Tallie explained.

Though they really went into the meadow, Tallie told Tillie all about a long train of cars pulled by a big engine, and about a ride in an airplane.



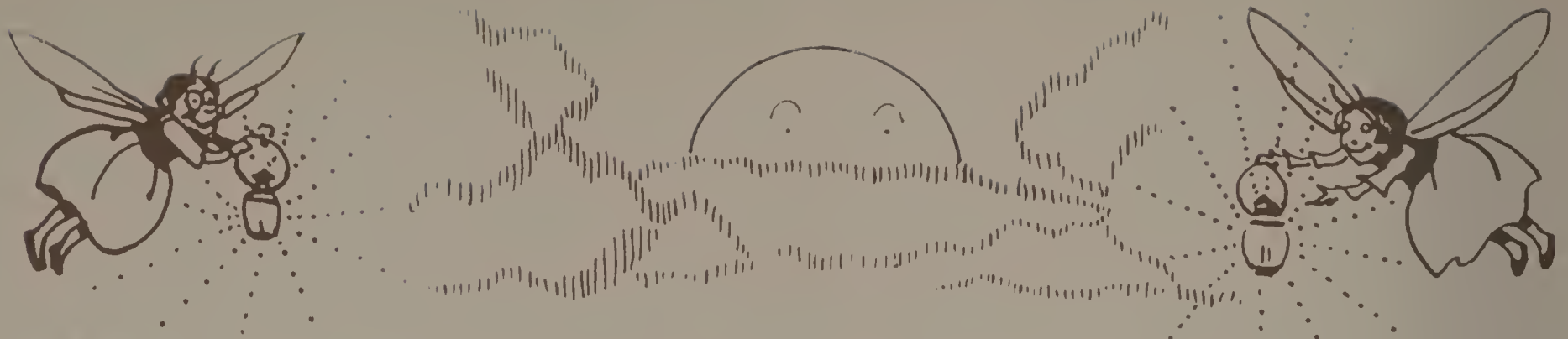




Tallie walked on and on as she told Tillie and Tag about their long journey on the train. Sometimes she stopped to pick pretty flowers, and sometimes Tag chased big yellow butterflies.

Soon the bunnies and field mice in the meadow began hurrying home to supper. But Tallie, Tillie, and Tag wandered on.





Perhaps Tallie grew tired. Perhaps she imagined she was safe in a sleeper on a big train. She and Tillie lay down on the green grass—and in a moment they were both asleep. Tag sat down beside them.

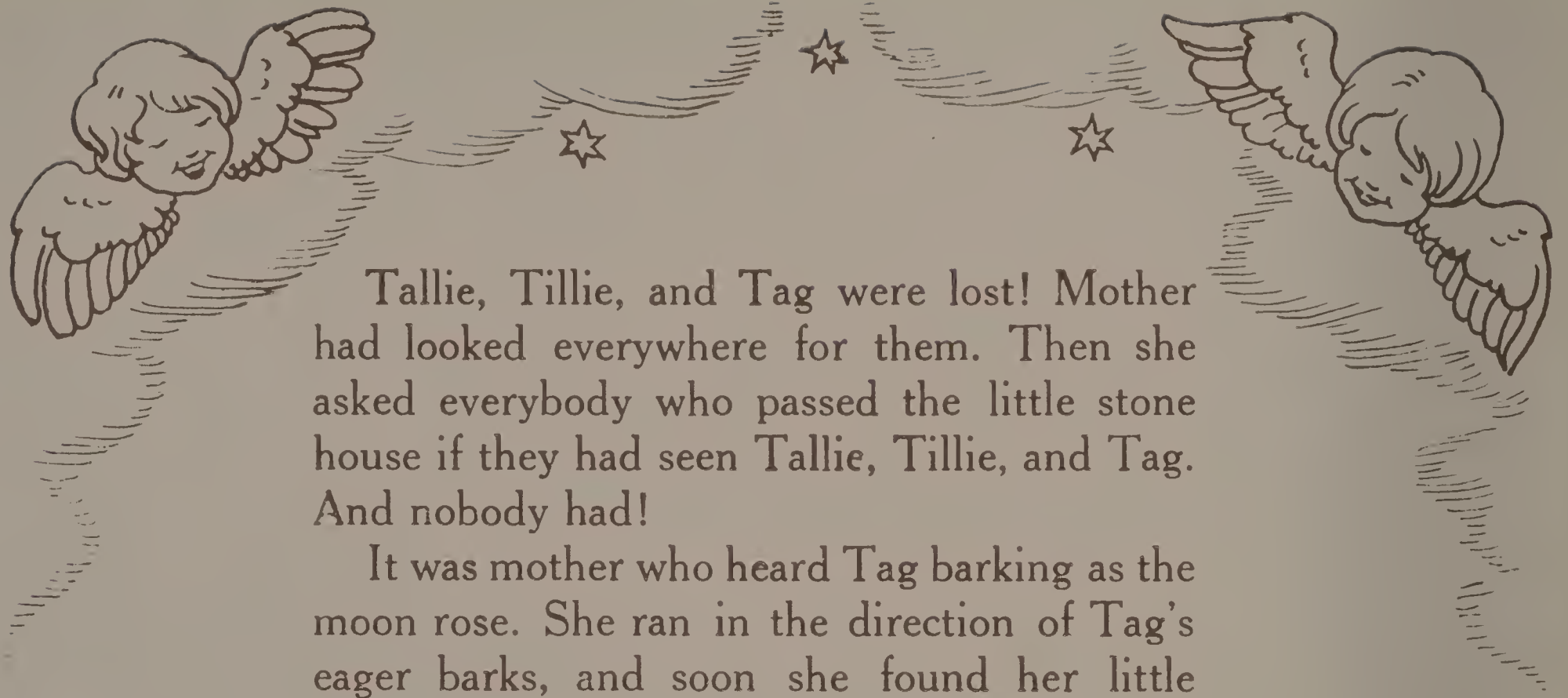
Slowly the sun sank in the west, and the moon rose. Tallie and Tillie slept on.

The moon seemed very large and very near. Perhaps Tag thought the man in the moon was coming too close to his little friends. He began to bark. He barked and he barked.

Still Tallie and Tillie slept on and on.



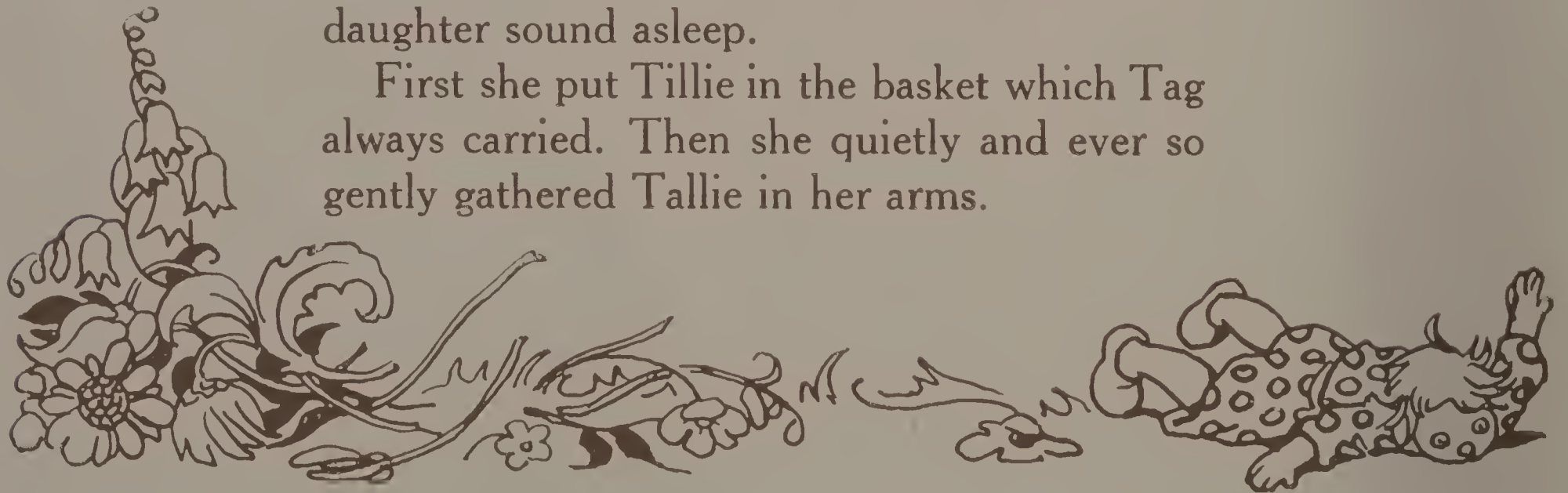




Tallie, Tillie, and Tag were lost! Mother had looked everywhere for them. Then she asked everybody who passed the little stone house if they had seen Tallie, Tillie, and Tag. And nobody had!

It was mother who heard Tag barking as the moon rose. She ran in the direction of Tag's eager barks, and soon she found her little daughter sound asleep.

First she put Tillie in the basket which Tag always carried. Then she quietly and ever so gently gathered Tallie in her arms.







When she got home, mother tucked Tallie in bed without even waking her. Then she laid Tillie beside her. As soon as Tag had his supper he curled up on his rug, and was soon sound asleep.

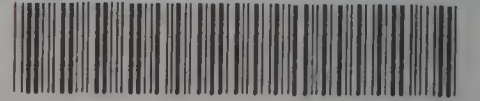
The Dream Lady drifted down on a moonbeam with her treasure of lovely dreams for all the people in the little stone house.

Tallie, Tillie, and Tag slept on and on.





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